

The Guide to Holiness.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

THE COLD SEASON.

THE cold season is upon us. Drifting snow, stormy winds, alternations of pinching cold and pelting rains—these are the elements of our Northern winter.

But it is not of the weather, that hackneyed subject, that we purpose to write, but of the lessons of love and duty which the weather teaches.

How sweet to you who have homes is the sense of security and comfort, while you hear the wild raging of the pitiless tempest without. To you, who have homes!—alas, that there should be any who have none! Yet so it is; more than you suppose, Christian and favored reader; yes, and *nearer* to you than you are ready to believe. Homes, that are no homes, are not a few. People who are compelled to stay in those homeless homes deserve your commiseration, especially now that they cannot seek comfort elsewhere.

“But, such are unthrifty, idle, wicked,—they have brought this discomfort upon themselves.” It may be so. What then? Will you, therefore, keep your superfluous comforts?—no, not *yours*, mark that, but the treasure entrusted to you by Another, the only True Owner—will you, therefore, keep that for yourself, or give it to those who have enough already? Not give the destitute, because they do not deserve anything! Who taught you that line of conduct? Not your Master! He came to save *sinners*! and that is the reason you and I have any chance for salvation. He makes the sun to shine upon the *evil* as well as the good. He, when he was upon earth, received sinners, and eat with them.

No, listen to such suggestions never. They are not of God. But gather together rather such things as you have, a goodly quantity, break through, at once, both your self-indulgence at your own fireside, and the subtle lurking of covetousness in the hiding places of your heart, and visit the children of want. When you have warmed and clothed them, *then* offer them in your Master's name the true riches. *Then* you may tell them of your own peace in believing, and they will hear you. Your good deed has opened their ears; your words of salvation may reach their hearts.

But all the poor are not thriftless, though they do not thrive in worldly matters; nor are they more forgetful of God than others. How many suffering, yet innocent children of wicked parents there are! How many sorrowing widows, or more sorrowing wives of shameless husbands, there are! And sickness, that spoiler of all worldly good, impoverishes the wisest and best.

All these “you have always with you, and if you will, you can do them good.”

But, the cold season!—it reminds us of other facts and other duties. The spiritual atmosphere of most churches is as bleak as winter. Exposed to its chilly influence are souls—priceless, deathless souls—yet solemnly dead in trespasses and sins. These are homeless sufferers, though buried in riches, while away from Christ. Have you, dear brother, a home in the inexpressible peace of the believer?—seek these prodigals from a Father's house, who perish with hunger and cold. Do warm them into spiritual life you need not leave *your* fire, but carry it with you. In warming them your own flame will burn the brighter, and the incense of your good deed will ascend acceptably to God.

CABINET.

PERFECTING HOLINESS.

“Perfecting holiness in the fear of God.”—2 Cor. vii. 1.

THERE is true holiness in every heart which has received, by faith in atoning blood, the “washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost.” Such, undoubtedly, was the state of the Corinthians to whom our text was addressed. They were “saints” (Chap. i. verse 1), and he says of them, “having confidence in you all, that my joy is the joy of you all,” (Chap. xi. verse 3.) Yet their holiness was not perfect: there was remaining some of the carnal nature of their unrenewed state, for the apostle, after stating, in the latter part of the sixth chapter, several divine injunctions and encouragements, adds, “having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.”

Holiness then is “perfected” when “all the filthiness of the flesh and spirit is removed.” To this attainment the apostle exhorts the Hebrews, when he says, “let us go on unto perfection.” Heb. vi. 1.

The apostle says, “let us cleanse ourselves;” and this is easily reconciled with the divine teaching that salvation from sin unto holiness “is not of ourselves,” but is the “gift of God.” Unless we work, God will not work in us. We must perfect ourselves to be perfected of the Holy Ghost.

But perfect holiness may be perfected. That is, when the holiness of the believer has the Christian perfection of freedom from all original sin, the *enlargement* of his spiritual being—the *increase* of his knowledge of divine things—the *expansion* of his vision heavenward—are a growth in grace. These constitute a perfecting of holiness which shall go on forever and ever. This progressive perfection is the experience of angels who never knew sin.

PUTTING GOD IN REMEMBRANCE.

"Put me in remembrance; let us plead together; declare, that thou mayest be justified."—*Isaiah xliii. 26.*

GOD, in the preceding verse, had given *his* reason for justifying the sinner. Here he condescendingly invites the sinner to give *his* reasons, if he has any of a different character to urge; he is besought to show other grounds, if possible, of justification. Self-righteous men are ever ready to put forward their boastful claims, "but not before God." They cannot stand in his presence and plead; and at the judgment we are assured they will be speechless.

But how ready God is to be put "in remembrance," and to yield to the pleadings of those who urge *his* reason for their justification, the innumerable company of the saved on earth and in heaven can testify. They ever declare—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress."

THE BLIND SEEING.

"The blind receive their sight."—*Matt. xi. 5.*

So it was when Christ was upon earth; and thus he proved his Messiahship. By the preaching of Christ now the spiritually blind are made to see, and thus is proved the divine character of the gospel.

A missionary of the Sandwich Islands says:—

"One blind man, Bartimeus, followed me thirty miles, over rivers and precipices, on the most difficult road I ever travelled, to hear the gospel, and pray for the peace of Jerusalem. I would have pronounced it incredible that he should have passed safely over such a road, if I had not seen it. He is a devoted, good man, and says, 'My natural eyes are blind, but my soul sees.'"

THE IMAGE OF GOD AND THE IMAGE OF MAN.

"God created man in his own image."—*Gen. i. 27.*

IN his first creation, and in the purposes of grace now, God is seen raising man to his own image. In his sensual conception, unrenewed, man is ever bringing the character of God down. An Armenian convert, head of the Armenian Academy at Constantinople, remarked that, "When God created man he made him in his own image; but man has reversed the order, and now endeavors to make God in man's image."

BEARING ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—*Gal. vi. 2.*

AN aged friend of ours was quite deaf; his wife, also tottering with age, was nearly blind, but in mutual kindness they were a great help to each other. He was accustomed to say, "Come, mother, let us walk out and call on the children together. You will hear for me and I will see for you, and we shall get along nicely."

"Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care."

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

OUR COUNTRY.

SAID a Christian friend to us, a short time since, "Amid all this national commotion, God is calm." It was a word dropped in connection with a passing salutation, as we met and parted in the crowded thoroughfare of our city. It afforded stimulus to much thought. God sees a nation's as he does a sparrow's destiny. The wisdom of man is foolishness with him, and the wrath of man shall praise him. Then let his people be calm. Let them trust in him and be still. Dear, beloved country! God forgive thy sins, and make thee first pure, then peaceable. When thou art truly free, the oppressed nations of the earth shall long after thee, and shall seek the gospel at thy hands. Brethren in Christ, when we forget to pray for our country may our right hand forget its cunning, and our tongue cleave to the roof of our mouth!

A SANCTIFIED LITERATURE.

WE are truly thankful to learn that the soldiers and sailors of our army and navy are being supplied, very generally, with a soul-saving literature. A young soldier of our acquaintance, on receiving at his camp on the Potomac a box of good things from home, found that a pious mother and sister had been more mindful of his spiritual interest than his bodily appetite. With a few dainties they had sent much religious reading. "I am glad of this," he writes. "You cannot tell what a comfort and pleasure the books and tracts are. I can find no interest in the stories of the trashy magazines which some of my fellow-soldiers receive, in comparison with these."

Our friends will find our list of publications well fitted to promote a taste for religious reading. We solicit a continuance and increase of their orders.

PREACHING WITHOUT THE DIVINE UNCTION.

"God being my helper," said a devoted minister to us, "I never will preach again without the unction. This to me is both power and comfort." "The unction makes the preacher," interposed a female friend. "We private members like your scholarship and study, but these bring but dry sustenance into the pulpit, without the Holy Spirit's fire." "I can tell by its powerful influence on the congregation," said another, "when the preacher has been dwelling in the secret place of the Most High." So the conversation went on. Surely, we thought, as we parted, we *ought never* to preach without a holy fire upon the heart. God desires it; the preacher and people need it.

REV. JAMES CAUGHEY.

BROTHER CAUGHEY is reported, by recent letters from England, to be again in Sheffield. His labors have been greatly owned of God, in various parts of the kingdom.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE LITTLE PEACEMAKER.

I ONE day noticed in school some little girls who were feeling very bad, and weeping. Passing up the aisle, I discovered a slate being handed around among them, one side of which was nearly covered with writing. Were they unkind words, written to wound their feelings, that they should cause so many eyes to moisten, and so many cheeks to be wet with tears?

"Rub it out!—rub it out!" said a fair-haired little girl, as she saw that I was about to take the slate, and her eagerness to get hold of it, or, in some way, to erase the writing, gave strong proof that she was the writer. Before it came in my possession, she had rubbed her hand over the writing, entirely erasing it. I was at a loss to know what to think, as she had always been a dutiful girl, obedient and kind, and, what is more, professed faith in Jesus.

At noon I called her to me and questioned her with regard to the matter. She seemed unwilling to answer my questions, and said she did not mean any harm; she would not write any more to the girls; she did not wish to tell what she had written. I urged her to do so; reasoned with her, and insisted upon knowing what the girls were crying about.

Then, in a manner indicating embarrassment, she told how the girls had got mad at each other, and would not play together, and said harsh and unkind words, or would not speak at all to one another, and, she said, "I wrote to them how wrong it was for them to feel so, and that if one of them should die, they would think of their unkind words and actions—but it would be too late; and they would weep—but it would be of no use; and that is what they were crying about. At recess," she added, laughing, "they had a real 'kissing time,' and made up friends."

Then she turned away with a happy smile upon her countenance to eat her dinner, and these words of Jesus came into my mind: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

WARREN, PA.

A SONG OF LOVE.

JESUS, would that I could tell thee
How I love thy very name:
Oh, what sweet affections fill me,
Burning with a quenchless flame—
Thy rich goodness
Is my never failing theme.

Thou hast come from heaven to save me,
Lost and ruined in my sin;
Thou art pleading now to have me
One with God and pure within;
Oh, what mercy!
Jesus died my soul to win!

Every moment thou art showing
Wondrous grace and gentlest care;
Never weary of bestowing,
Countless though thy blessings are;
Varied tokens
Thy unvarying love declare.

I will love thee, O my Saviour,
I will praise thee day by day;
Honor thee in my behavior,
All thy wise commands obey;
Till in heaven
I shall join the angels' lay. — *Child at Home.*

BOOK NOTICES.

EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA, with accounts of the manners and customs of the people, and of the chase of the Gorilla, the Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other animals. By Paul B. Du Chaillu, New York: Harper & Brothers. 1861.

This work of above 500 pages, illustrated with a Map and numerous Plates, is the result of nearly four years of severe toil and thrilling adventure in the examination of the region it describes. The author left New York for Africa in October, 1855, and continued his explorations till June, of 1859. He travelled always on foot, and unaccompanied by other white men, about 8,000 miles. He shot, stuffed, and brought home over 2,000 birds, of which more than 60 are new species; and he killed upwards of 1,000 quadrupeds, of which 200 were stuffed and brought home, with more than 80 skeletons; not less than 20 of the quadrupeds being species hitherto unknown to science. He suffered fifty attacks of the African fever, taking to cure himself, in all, over fourteen ounces of quinine; not to speak of famine, long-continued exposures to the heavy tropical rains, and attacks of ferocious ants and enormous flies.

Few men can write a book of travel that shall be, at once, highly instructive and highly entertaining. Du Chaillu has done it.

If any father wishes to procure for his son a book he will be sure to read with a keen relish, let him inquire for this. G.

The above notice was by accident omitted from the January number.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, Boston, 28 Cornhill, have published some of their valuable works in a plain style, with stiff paper covers, which they sell at a marvellously low rate. The following volumes have been sent us as specimens:—

"A MEMOIR OF DANIEL SAFFORD," which we have before noticed, sells for twenty-five cents. Since our former notice we have received the strongest testimonials of its usefulness from our friends who have obtained and read it.

That religious classic, too well known to need recommending, Baxter's "CALL TO THE UN-CONVERTED," can be had for ten cents, and Bunyan's "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" for twenty cents. "THE MORNING STAR," being a history of the Children's Missionary Vessel, and of the Marquesan and Micronesian Missions, for twenty-five cents. We commend these, and kindred volumes of the same catalogue, to the attention of those who have both the pecuniary means and the heart to purchase books for gratuitous circulation among the poor.

THE WEARY ARE AT REST.

W. Mc. DONALD.

1. Come pil-grim, sad and wea-ry, Why heaves thy breast; Roaming

2. There's rest for thee in glo-ry, A-mong the blest; List-en

Chorus.

this wide world so drea-ry, Sigh-ing for rest. Rest, rest,

to the joy-ful sto-ry, There, there is rest. Rest, rest,

sweet, sweet rest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.

3 Millions are gone before us,
With Jesus blest;
Singing now the happy chorus,
There, there is rest.
CHORUS. Rest, rest, &c.

4 There golden harps are ringing—
Harps of the blest;
And the angel bands are singing,
There, there is rest.
CHORUS. Rest, rest, &c.

5 While we on earth are praying,
Jesus the blest,
Unto us is sweetly saying
There, there is rest.
CHORUS. Rest, rest, &c.

6 We'll meet where parting never
Comes to the blest;
And we'll safely dwell forever,
In heavenly rest.
CHORUS. Rest, rest, &c.

FAITH.

"And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 John v. 4.

I PROPOSE, in the present discourse, to present several views of faith, or rather, perhaps, a view of faith in several of its degrees and offices.

I. FAITH IS BELIEF—CREDESCENCE.

This is commonly called historic faith, as being the faith by which we receive the statements of history. It is that act of the mind by which it receives as true a statement made to it, upon the credibility of the statement itself, or of the person making it.

This is the lowest type of faith, and is not of itself saving; still, it is absolutely essential to salvation, as the foundation is essential to the superstructure, and in itself it has a measure of importance, not easily overrated. Blot out historic faith from the world, and you blot out all the past from the world. The accumulating facts and philosophies of ages are all instantly lost, the researches, discoveries and achievements of the past become a blank, and with every man it is as if time began when he began.

2. Without historic faith, all the present is a blank to me, except what occurs under my own observation, and all other countries and other men become a mere myth to me, except the lands and the men within the narrow compass of my own horizon.

3. Indeed, I can learn nothing whatever except by faith, save only what I learn by experiment, and this can never lead me far in one lifetime, and must so often teach by damaging failures as to wear out life early. As to progress in science, not a step can be taken but by faith. A little boy stands to-day for the first time at his teacher's knee, who points to a little triangular mark on the page and says, "What's that, my son?" "I don't know," replies the boy. "That's A,"

says the teacher. "I don't know whether it is or not," says the boy. "Well, it is A, and you must call it A." "But how do I know it is A?" "Because I say so; don't you believe me?" "Father says I must not believe anything unless it is proved." Now the question is, how is that teacher going to prove to the child that that letter is A? It cannot be done. He must take it on trust, or he'll never learn his alphabet; so that, without faith, the door of all science is forever barred against him. So important, even in temporal matters, is the lowest type of faith—credence of the statements of another.

Regarded in a religious light, this historic faith is, as I have said, mainly valuable as the indispensable sub-stratum and foundation of faith in its saving aspects or degrees. No man receives salvation as the mere result of his historic faith. Christendom is full of men who do not dispute the Bible records or teachings, but who yet have never felt the power of saving grace. Indeed, in this sense, Satan also believes and trembles.

II. FAITH IS TRUST—RELIANCE.

Trust is a very different thing from mere credence. We give *credence* where we see no particular reason to doubt; we *trust* where we see positive reasons for our confidence.

A stranger tells you a piece of news. You recognize in his quiet, gentlemanly appearance the proof of his credibility, and knowing, meantime, that the statement is one which he could have no motive for making, if false, and which you put nothing at hazard in believing, your mind receives the declaration as truth, and in a little time after you find yourself rehearsing the statement to another, as veritable and undoubted fact; or, taking up a newspaper, by and by, you see the same fact indicated in a heading, and you pass on to another paragraph with the remark, "I knew that before."

Such is your faith of credence in the stranger.

But now, suppose the same man says to you, "Friend, I am short of funds; cannot you lend me one hundred dollars for a week?" Ah! that's another matter; and though you did not *doubt his narrative*, yet, now that the question is of *trusting* him, of putting yourself in his power, and risking something on his honor, you pause, and either decline the invitation, or wait to know more about the man who *had your credence*, before he can have your *trust*.

The faith that amounts to trust, then, is a reliance of the heart upon the virtue of another. Religiously, this is saving faith; a reliance of the heart upon the truthfulness of God's word:

There are two principal modes in which this reliance, or heart-confidence in God, expresses itself. One of these is consecration. Toward the close of the business hours of the day, you may notice a clerk from each store along the street going with a small blank book in his hand, and, perhaps, a bag of specie, toward a neighboring bank. What's that for? Why, the merchants feel that their funds are safer in the custody of the bank than in their own keeping, and therefore they commit the keeping of those funds to the bank. The faith which leads a man to consecrate himself to God, acts upon the same principle. I feel that my reputation, my enterprises, my substance, my family, my life, are safer in God's keeping than in my own, and therefore the very regard I have for these interests will urge me to the consecration of them to him, persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

The other expression of this confidence, this trust in God, is exhibited in the cheerful assurance of the soul that its consecration is accepted. God has demanded that I present myself a living sacrifice to him; he has now graciously given me the

disposition to make it; he has given me power to overcome my own reluctance, and he has given me the light by which I have seen *how* to come to him with my sacrifice, and now I am conscious that I have come according to his requisition, and by his help at every step. He said he would receive me, and he cannot lie; he *does* receive me. True I am unworthy, but I am invited, and therefore welcome. I am a sinner; but "this man receiveth sinners," even me, the chief of sinners.

The peculiarity of God's dealing with a soul seeking salvation is, that he requires us to believe in his power and willingness to save, just when his Spirit has shown us the depth of our unworthiness. Men commonly have such exalted views of themselves, as to find it quite easy to believe that God is both able and willing to save them, and indeed there are many who fancy they are good enough for heaven without any work of grace at all upon their hearts. But God's method is, first to take all this self-conceit out of a man by the heart-searching Spirit, and when the sinner is completely slain by the law, when the self-righteous soul cries out in agony, "O wretch that I am, who shall deliver me?" to require him then and there to cast himself upon the clemency of the Lord, and voluntarily to suspend the fate of a polluted, condemned, and helpless rebel upon the mercy of that holy Being against whom his sins have been a life-long insult. This is the faith that brings salvation: not the cold credence of the intellect; not the confidence of presumption, but the heart-cry of the contrite one—

"What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallowed up in shame.

"Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place,
'Tis just—but O, thy Son hath died."

A sinner is never assisted to exercise

saving faith in Christ by inadequate and extenuating views of his own sinfulness. The more clearly he sees himself lost, the more perfectly is he in a condition to cast himself upon the atonement, and cling, with the tenacity of a death-grasp, to the world's Redeemer.

As this is the type of faith by which the soul finds its first experience of salvation, so it is the type of faith much involved in all the Christian life. It is that habitual going to Jesus, and leaning upon him, and looking to him, and learning of him, and yielding to his will, and resting in his word, with which the soul of every Christian is more or less familiar, according to the closeness of his walk with God. This is the faith that finds Christ a fountain in the wilderness, and streams in the parched desert; as rivers of water in a thirsty place, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land; the soul's refuge and rock of defence, and high tower forever against all its foes.

Some time ago I was riding upon my horse, in the country, meditating, as I travelled, upon this very subject of faith. The wind was blowing smartly at the time, and I saw presently, standing by the road-side, a tall tree, up into which a vine had climbed, and twined itself among its branches to the top. The great tree stood nearly motionless in the blast, and the vine, held in its strong embrace, seemed exulting in a strength not its own, and I fancied that if it only had human lips and a voice it would laugh and say, "Throw me down, if you can!" In a moment more, it struck me that God had given me, just there, a sweet illustration of faith; and from that day, a Christian, clinging to Jesus, seems evermore the little vine clinging to the oak with the tenacity of a death-grasp.

III. FAITH IS SPIRITUAL APPLICATION; THE REALIZATION OF SPIRITUAL THINGS.

Paul says, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things

not seen;" a definition which I understand to embody the substance of the proposition I have just laid down. This is faith in the mature believer — faith not as a single act or effort of the soul, but as a habit of the life.

God has provided that my soul shall have knowledge of the physical world around me. I lay my hand on this pulpit, and I say, it is hard, it is polished, it is cold, it is motionless, it is a plane. I turn my eyes upon this book, and I say, "The paper is white, the letters are black, the binding is dark maroon, and the book is of such and such dimensions, in length, breadth, and thickness. Thus this outer world is sending its messages of fact, to the apprehensions of my soul, through the medium of the senses, by mysterious dispatches momentarily arriving, bringing tidings of every conceivable sort, and keeping me "advised" of the exact condition of all material things within their range of observation.

But there is another world — another universe of things; not of things physical, but of things spiritual and eternal. Now these gross organs of sense have no power to apprehend these spiritual realities; they are spiritually discerned.

How fully the great facts of the spiritual world are laid open to the apprehension of believers, is indicated by Paul when he says, "But ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels; to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Observe, Paul does not say, "ye *will* come to all this, but ye *are* come;" implying that the faith of the believers to whom he wrote did apprehend and realize these things of the Spirit.

Paul says, Moses] "endured as *seeing him which is invisible*." Jesus said, "Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it, and was glad." "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ." "Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, * * * he will *show you* things to come; * * * he shall receive of mine, and shall *show* it unto you." "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me. * * * I will love him, and will *manifest* myself to him." "A little while, and the world seeth me no more, *but ye see me*." Blessed Jesus, so we do! "But we all, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." These citations are sufficient for my present purpose, and they clearly show that God discloses to the spiritual apprehension of his people the things eternal.

There is vast motive-power in this type of faith. The man who has it in its strength walks with God and lives in eternity. To him all spiritual things are just as real, just as palpable, as the physical furniture of the earth around him. He does not grope, nor grovel, nor guess. He walks in the light, and his fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ. The great truths of the Bible are daily demonstrated to his soul. He knows of depravity and of redemption. He knows of justification and sanctification. He knows the devices of Satan, and he knows of victory through the blood of the Lamb. Hell glooms below, and heaven shines above, but both are within the sweep of his horizon. His faith commands a stand-point where he sees yonder the sunny throng press tumultuously to the gates of death, and yonder the pilgrims of Zion thread the narrow way to the mount of God.

Now who can estimate the advantages of this realizing faith, for all the purposes of holy living and effective working? When God and angels, and heaven and hell, mortality and immortality, and sin and the atonement, and probation and judgment, and eternity's long years, appear no longer distant and half concealed and mystical to the soul, but daily salute its sensibilities with their overwhelming facts, how certainly and how mightily do they urge it heavenward. Ah! "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

CONCLUSION.

1. Let us now pray, "Lord, increase our faith."
2. Let us remember, that however innocent a practice may seem to be, if it obscures our spiritual vision, or in any way hinders our faith, it should be abandoned. Nothing can compensate a man for the loss, or even the weakening, of his faith.
3. Let us cultivate our faith by exercise, by the careful and prayerful study of the Word, and by the cultivation of that inward recollection which consists of the steadiness and stillness of the soul in the contemplation of eternal things.

ST. IGNATIUS AND HIS VIEWS OF HOLINESS.

ST. IGNATIUS, bishop of Antioch, was a man full of faith, power, and the Holy Ghost. He was a Syrian by birth, and a disciple of St. John the Evangelist, who, in the 67th year of the Christian era, committed the church at Antioch to his pastoral superintendence, as successor to Euadius. He presided over the church for more than forty years. He is said to be one of the little children whom Jesus took up in his arms and blessed. However this may be, it is certain that he conversed familiarly with the apostles, and

was perfectly acquainted with their doctrines. He was author of epistles to the Smyrnians, the Ephesians, the Romans, the Magnesians, the Trallians, and to Polycarp. These epistles contain the sublimest doctrines, the purest morals, the deepest experience, and the most stirring appeals to the churches.

His zeal was as quenchless as an angel's, and his faith triumphed over death in its most appalling form. He was accused of heresy, and condemned to death by order of the Emperor Trajan. But when brought before him, he failed not to confess faith in the Crucified, whose kingdom was not of this world, and who was able to put all deceit, and all malice of the devil under the feet of those who carry Him in their hearts.

Trajan inquired, "Dost thou carry Him who was crucified within thee?"

Ignatius answered, "I do; for it is written, I will dwell in them, and walk in them."

After this bold confession, Trajan proceeded to pronounce the following sentence:—

"Forasmuch as Ignatius has confessed that he carries about within himself Him that was crucified, we command that he be carried bound by soldiers to the Great Rome, there to be thrown to the beasts, for the entertainment of the people."

On his way to Rome, he endured untold insults. He says, "From Syria to Rome, I am contending with wild beasts by land and sea, by night and day; being tied to ten leopards, the number of the military band, who even when treated with kindness only behave with greater ferocity. But in the midst of these iniquities, I am learning. Yet I am not justified on this account."

As he approached the Great Rome, his heart seemed filled with unutterable joy. The prospect of so soon being with God eclipsed all the honors and glory of earth, overlooking even the horrors of the death awaiting him. "Now I begin to be a dis-

ciple," he says. "Nothing, whether of things visible or invisible, excites my ambition, as long as I can gain Christ. Whether fire, or the cross, the assaults of wild beasts, the tearing asunder of my bones, the breaking of my limbs, the bruising of my whole body; let the tortures of the devil all assail me, if I do but gain Christ Jesus."

At Smyrna he was permitted to visit his fellow-scholar, the venerable and holy Polycarp. They had both formerly been disciples of St. John. He urged the holy man, who soon followed him to the possession of a martyr's crown, "to contend with God in his behalf, that being suddenly taken by the beasts from this world, he might appear before the face of Christ."

He was inhumanly tortured in various ways. He was compelled to hold fire in his hands, while paper, dipped in oil and lighted, was at the same time put to his sides. His flesh was torn with red-hot pincers, etc. But amidst all these tortures, he writes to the Smyrnians: "When I shall come among the wild beasts, I shall come to God." To the Romans he says: "All the ends of the world, and the kingdoms of it, will profit me nothing. I would rather die for Jesus Christ, than rule to the ends of the earth. Him I seek who died for us; Him I desire who rose again for us. This is the gain that is laid up for me."

At the advanced age of 107 years he was given to the wild beasts, at Rome, for the entertainment of those who sought the destruction of the faith of Christ.

The views of Ignatius on the subject of holiness were eminently scriptural, and his experience remarkably clear; indicating the faith and practice of the early church on this subject.

To the Ephesians he writes as follows:—

"It is therefore fitting that you should by all means glorify Jesus Christ, who hath glorified you; that by a uniform obedience ye may be perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same

judgment; and may all speak the same things concerning everything; and that ye may be wholly and thoroughly sanctified."

Of *faith and love in Christ*, he says: "Nothing is hid from you, if ye have perfect faith and love in Jesus Christ, which are the beginnings and end of life. No man possessing a true faith sinneth, for Christianity is not the work of an outward profession, but shows itself in the power of faith."

Of the *fulness of God* he says: "Ye are, therefore, with all your companions in the same journey, full of God; his spiritual temple, full of Christ; full of holiness; that, with respect to the other life, ye love nothing but God only."

Christians are urged to follow hard after God, "that no herb of the devil might be found in them; but that they might remain in all holiness and sobriety, both of body and spirit, in Christ Jesus."

Such were the instructions of Ignatius on the subject of holiness. He urged the church to its possession, and earnestly sought and finally experienced the precious grace. For a time it eluded his grasp, but finally, by simple faith in Christ, he entered into the *rest of faith*.

In an account of his martyrdom, prepared by the Church at Antioch, they say: "He rejoiced greatly at the tranquillity of his church, yet was troubled as to himself that he had not attained to a true love of Christ, nor was come up to the pitch of a perfect disciple. Therefore, continuing a few years longer with the church, he attained to what he had desired."

It is worthy of remark that Ignatius, with all his sacrifices and deep devotion to God, did not, for a while, come up to the pitch of a *perfect disciple*. He felt, what many deny, the remains of corruption, after conversion. But after a few years he reached the long-desired point, and in its possession exclaims, "I thank thee, O Lord, that thou hast vouchsafed to honor me with a perfect love towards thee."

His character is thus summed up by the church of which he was the honored and beloved bishop for more than forty years: "He was a man in all things like the apostles; that as a good governor, by the helm of prayer and fastings, by the constancy of his doctrine and spiritual labor, he opposed himself to the floods of the adversary; that he was like a divine lamp, illuminating the hearts of the faithful by his exposition of the Holy Scriptures."

Such was the teachings and experience of the bishop of Antioch. Holiness seems to have been his theme. He was not alone in this; it was characteristic of the apostolic church. The baptism of Pentecost was still fresh among them, and Ignatius well understood its power. Such deep devotion, such quenchless ardor, such soul-seeking, such triumphs of faith, such disregard of death in its most appalling forms, such visions of heaven as marked the career of these holy men, gave them unparalleled success. Such zeal, kindled by the love of the *Crucified*, whom they professed to have within them, enabled these despised followers of Jesus — without wealth, without literary attractions, and without kingly favor — to plant churches where Homer and Virgil had sung, where Solon and Lycurgus had given laws, where Cicero and Demosthenes had revelled in human eloquence, where Aristotle and Plato had reasoned, and where Socrates and Cato had taught the purest heathen morality. No wonder that the temples of the gods, hoary with age, and sacred to their devout worshippers, should have fallen, as if smitten by an invisible hand. No wonder that racks, dungeons, faggots, and wild beasts had no power to stay the progress of the faith of the despised Nazarene. When the leaders of the new faith could say, with Ignatius, "I would rather die for Jesus Christ than rule to the ends of the earth," what may we not look for as the results?

What the modern church needs is the

purity, the zeal, the faith, the peril-daring of the apostolic church.

"O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

"O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

"Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole."

PURE PLEASURE.

RELIGION is rich with glad influence; for it is a principle infinitely varied—it presides over the different phases of human life, and sanctions and hallows them all. Religion forbids folly, forbids excess, forbids an empty, frivolous living—and who wishes to live so? Religion bids us have a time for all things, and wisely live for a higher and purer destiny than anything of this earth. It bids us not be profane, or licentious, or indolent, or wasteful. Who wishes to be so? But it does not stop us of one true joy. It forbids us not one innocent amusement. Look up at the sky. Is not an expression of cheerfulness and joy there, blended with purity? Look abroad upon the earth—is not nature glad? Has not God dimpled the valley into smiles, and thrown sunlight over the water, and crowned the hills with rejoicing? It is true, life has many and grave duties—different spheres in life have different measures of duty—and the true conscience must always consult circumstances without and the great law within; but pleasure, amusement—religion forbids them not; it gives them a more genuine and delightful ministry than anything else can. But not only this—it sows within us the seeds of an undying joy that fails

not when outward means of happiness fail—when animal spirits grow feeble and low, when sorrow darkens and cares appall. This it gives us, shedding abroad a holy serenity in the heart, and imparting a calm lustre to the brow. It is a principle of truth, and therefore it allows us nothing that is treacherous and wrong; but all that make happy, and grateful, and good, it opens for us in abundant measure. It reveals new sources of happiness. It makes the spire of grass and the star beautiful ministers of delight. And do we think that we must sacrifice pleasure by choosing religion as our guide and our end? It is a sad mistake, as they well know who cling to the chalice of sin, and drink the bitterness of its dregs. Do not hesitate to follow Christ, because you think your pleasures will be less. Every truly pleasant thing it sanctions, and deprives us only of the evil—and even for this it far more than repays us. It may check a boisterous folly, but it bestows enduring peace of mind. It may forbid licentious excess, but it enkindles a glorious hope. It may put back the hand that reaches out after clustering deceits, but it lights the pale, cold face with a smile in death. Nothing that is lawful now will be unlawful when you join the church. No true pleasure will be less a pleasure then—it will be deeper and more beneficial.—*The Age*.

TRY CHRIST.

IN a ward of the hospital of Scutari, a conversation arose on the subject of religion. A convalescent had crawled with his crutch to the bedside of his comrade, anxious to know how it fared with one who had stood shoulder to shoulder with him in more than one affray.

"Well, Barry, how are you to-day?" asked the visitor, in a cheerful tone.

"I cannot say, 'All's well,' indeed, Staunton, either outwardly or inwardly;

but you are the man I was so wishing to see."

"And what can I do for you, my good fellow?"

"Well, the chaplain was here yesterday, and I told him that I was miserable. I told him I had tried pleasures, drink, everything; and that now my wretched mind was harder to bear than my wounds. What do you think he said? In the most solemn and earnest manner, he said, 'Try Christ; try Christ.' All night long those two words have been in my ears. 'Try Christ.' But what can they mean?"

"A glorious meaning they have, Barry. The Son of God is willing to save you, if you are willing to believe on him and be saved. Be in earnest; he will save you from sin and hell. Trust in him, and he will not let you perish. Ask him to forgive your sins. Come to him, and you shall not be cast out."

"But, Staunton, are you certain that all this is true? You know the life I led; too bad almost to be forgiven."

"As true as God himself," answered the pious soldier, reverently; and taking a Bible, he read the words, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

This good news was eagerly listened to by Barry, and the words were as cold water to a thirsty soul. He was induced to seek with earnestness and perseverance an interest in that salvation which Christ purchased by the shedding of his own precious blood, and which he so freely bestows on all those who believe on him. And he did not seek in vain. By the teaching of the Holy Spirit, he found, to the peace and joy of his soul, that Christ "is able to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by him."

Will the reader follow the example of

the poor, wounded soldier? Will you "try Christ?" May the Holy Spirit help you to accept without delay this loving invitation, and induce you at once to make trial of him who has said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

SONGS BY THE WAY.

"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." *Psalms cxix. 54.*

I'm a pilgrim, and my journey were a desert one
and drear,
But for streams along the pathway, — precious
springs of wayside cheer;
Flowers in barren places blooming, — pictures
treasured of the skies,
In the sweet home-country shining, where the
Father's mansions rise.

I'm a pilgrim, and at nightfall, when my weary
feet are spent,
All unsandalled and ungirded in the stranger's
lonely tent,
I retune my harp and sing, while my heart se-
lects the theme —
Not from loves that grow around me — not the
poet's idle dream;

But from ones whose inspiration was the breath
of Zion's mount —
Bards that drank the living waters of Shiloah's
sacred fount;
And I waken in the sleep-hours, and my heart re-
peats the strain;
Do I sing, or do I listen to an angel's sweet re-
frain?

I'm a pilgrim; night and morning bear me far-
ther on my way,
To the home-land of my soul, in the bright, eter-
nal day;
But the way has rests of joy, while thy laws my
thoughts engage,
For "thy statutes are the songs of my house of
pilgrimage."

I'm a pilgrim, and in vision do my yearning eyes
behold
Where "jasper walls" and "pearly gates" the
blessed ones infold;
And I'll drop my staff with triumph as I near the
latest stage,
While the victor's song shall crown all the songs
of pilgrimage.

"GOD WILL PROVIDE HIMSELF A LAMB."

GOD will provide himself a lamb. Why should it require a great effort of faith to believe this? It does not. We do not doubt, when we know that it is for *himself*, and not for us, that he is to provide the lamb. When we fear, it is by some miscalculation of our own that we have got into an emergency from which there seems to be no escape; then it is that we fear that God will not provide a lamb. We say if we only knew that our heavenly Father directed our order of affairs, then we should know he would not leave us in the midst, without means to go through. How many there are now, in these troublous times, saddened and depressed by the kind of reasoning that takes the life out of their faith by which their souls might otherwise be supported. If they themselves could have foreseen the present state of general affairs, they could have avoided, by their own judgment, much of the distress which they now suffer in particulars. But this foresight was not given them. And yet they were seeking divine direction all the while; not in form only, not as an excuse to their consciences, but in reality; most earnestly and imploringly. And now did the God of love, who had the foresight of all things in himself, refuse or forbear to direct them? Suppose the suppliant had some wish or preference in the matter; he or she prayed that all natural wishes or preferences might be treated as nothing where God saw fit not to indulge them. After all this holding one's self in abeyance before God in any case, as in all cases the entirely consecrated do, — self-renouncing and obedient to Heaven in all things, — will divine love permit such a one to go into ill-advised paths? No, no. Pure human love would not, how much less divine. He might allow one in such a case to go into a path

that is one only leading to another and better path. This first path may be thorny, and intended to be made so, that the traveller may hurry through it to a better one. Or the man or woman of God may be brought to wait, as was Abraham, while the child may say we have done all we could, and yet our greatest wants are not supplied. Happy for us if we do not fail in that faith which believes that the God of Abraham can and will raise the embodiment of our hopes and joys from the dead, should we be called by him, or left by him to slay that form by our own hands. And happy for us if we do not get too much depressed to look up when we are called to raise our eyes and see the substitute provided, should Abraham's God, and our God, see fit to spare us the trying, heart-cutting work of laying our last earthly hope low, and give us a lamb caught in some thicket, instead of our own lamb, which is none the less God's. But, says some one, if I could but know that after all my suffering I should hear the voice of the angel, then I could bear it better. Perhaps you will not hear that voice until you have made the human sacrifice to its last extent; then you will hear it calling your slain hopes and joys up again, if you are required to slay them by his stern providences, it may be against your own human reason; if you do it not hastily, before you have patiently suffered the will of God. O Lord Jesus, help us to endure, and not faint in this Mount Moriah, before we hear that voice of thine.

We have bound our all upon thine altar, and here we wait. Only sustain thou us, and we can do thy bidding, though it be to wait a while in suffering and suspense to know thy command.

January, 1862.

The highest joy to the Christian almost always comes through suffering. No flower can bloom in Paradise which is not transplanted from Gethsemane.

THE SIMPLICITY OF OBEDIENCE TO GOD.

VIEWING this subject, not so much metaphysically as practically, it often strikes us that the spirit of true obedience to God is beautifully simple. It is just one thing — nothing more; — obedience to God. It recognizes God's right to command as being perfect, and yields to it with the whole heart.

Hence it is pure, and cannot be otherwise than pure, unmixed. If it had some elements of disobedience mixed with it, it would not be the same thing by any means. It knows no questionings of duty on the point, "Shall I obey or shall I not?" This point of obeying in everything known or believed to be God's will is settled. The mind loves to look upon that question as settled forever — never to be raised or debated again. There may be never so many questions as to *what is duty*; none whether duty once known shall be done.

This simple spirit of obedience stood out in touching forms in Abraham, as he journeyed three days, leading his Isaac to the altar of sacrifice on Mount Moriah. Not a questioning whisper as to God's right or intent in that startling command; not one misgiving as to obedience. There stood his purpose to obey God, firm as the mountains over which he threaded his solemn way, and fully as sublime.

The same simplicity of obedience stood revealed in Joshua — "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Others may vacillate; they may, if so they will, choose to serve other gods: we have but one God; we shall serve him only.

In Daniel, it stood like a mountain of granite; no thunder of royal decree could shake it; no terror of lions' den could daunt it. The one great question of doing God's will, always and everywhere, left no space for tampering with other

lords. God's will once known, there was no further question to be asked.

In such examples, we see illustrated the true spirit of obedience. The obedient man does not say — "I have calculated the risks and the consequences, and I, on the whole, conclude it will be for my advantage, and, therefore, in the present instance, I will obey." No; he obeys not from a special calculation of its expediency, but from a sense of God's rightful authority. He obeys not as one compelled, but as one who loves. He does not say, "I see that I must and cannot help it, save by hazarding greater evils." He does not inwardly groan over the necessity imposed on him to obey such a king as God, and such commands as God's; but he "runs in the way of God's commands with great delight."

Now for a moment let us look at the culture of the spirit of obedience.

Culture looks upward, not downward. So our question is not, how it may be diluted, shrivelled — put in a way to die; but how it may be strengthened and made more steady, strong, and all-controlling.

Fortunately, we have good reason to believe and to know that the purpose of obedience *may be strengthened*. It exists in various degrees of strength in different minds, and in any given mind may be stronger at one time than another. Some seem to have by constitution a stronger will than others; and all, by culture, can acquire more strength.

It is gained by dint of effort. A sense of the need of it, a view of its desirableness, a solemn purpose to gain it — all conduce towards this attainment. But, more than all, the grace of the Lord Jesus gives it. To be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, is essentially to be strong of purpose and steady in the aim and effort of simple, universal obedience. As Jesus loves to see this spirit in his people, so he must naturally love to promote it, and will never miss any opportunity, and never neglect any

fit appliances to cultivate it to a higher strength and a more perfect development.

Hence this grace is one of the first subjects of prayer. There is no incongruity between going to God's altar with most solemn vows and supreme self-dedication to the one absolute sovereign will of God, and going to God in prayer that his Spirit may help our endeavors and strengthen our set purposes so that they shall never falter.

There is a sweet, deep peace in this growing attainment. There is joy in the conviction that God ought to rule, and in the consciousness that our simple obedience gives him only what is due him by infinite right. Proud sin may exult in being independent of even God; but the better reason of a right mind rejoices that God only is on the throne of the universe — that, as we *need* not, so we *ought* not to bear those responsibilities, too high for us, but peacefully commit them to Him who doeth all so infinitely well. — *Oberlin Evangelist*.

SUGGESTIONS TO A SEEKER OF PERFECT LOVE.

LETTER II.

OXFORD, Eng., Dec., 1861.

MY DEAR ELLEN: — Next week I shall be sending some names and subscriptions to the agent for the "Guide." Yours shall go with them. . . . So much for family news. Now let me answer the more important portion of your letter.

"If you had a fortune you would gladly give it to be entirely the Lord's." Will you tell me in what respect you are not "entirely the Lord's?" What part of Christ's service do you decline? In what particular do you intend to disobey him? What claim of his are you now disputing? Come out of those misty generalities with which Satan delights to befog timid Chris-

tians; come into the light, and look at the plain facts of the case.

You said in your last letter you gave yourself continually to God — your whole self, that is, all you are, all you have. In this letter you want to give him something you do not possess, in order that what you do possess may be his. You give all you have; you wish to give more than you have. I want to know how much of you remains to be given? Dear Ellen, do not make a bugbear of those words "entirely the Lord's." Do not expect any mysterious seizure of your spiritual nature to make you this. God has also required you to be wholly his. 1st. On the ground of creation by himself. 2d. Of redemption by his Son. 3d. Of actual, though imperfect, possession by his Spirit. By that Spirit he has now wrought in you a full compliance with his will in this matter. You do give yourself wholly to him. You are *his*. Hold fast to this. I do not want to urge you on further than the Spirit has yet led. I would not, if I could, persuade you into the imagination of a blessing not yet enjoyed. But this is a fact, — you have given yourself to God; stand by the fact. It is the Spirit's work; do not grieve the Spirit by denying or undervaluing it.

What you now want is to have the gift, already on the altar, consumed as a burnt offering, filled with power as a living sacrifice. This, as I said in my last letter, is a question, not of giving, but receiving. And yet, if you prefer this view of the matter, you have one thing yet to give, and that is, your heart's assent to the truth of God's promises. You have one talent yet to consecrate, and that is, your faith; the greatest, the least used of all the talents entrusted to our stewardship. Will you bring it into use now? You know your willingness to be wholly devoted to God is but the faint reflection of his previous willingness to have you so; encourage yourself in that. You know that every promise in his Word

made to the seeking soul will certainly be ratified in your experience *sometime*. Take the comfort of that. You know that every offering presented through Christ is thereby accepted, because the "altar sanctifieth the gift," though the seal of acceptance—for the trial of our faith and patience, for the helping in future years of struggling souls through you—may be delayed. Here you have already assured God's willingness to save you; his sure word of promise that he will save you; his present approval, and, if I may so call it, silent acceptance of your offering. With so much in possession, can you not wait, not in gloomy despondency, but in the full assurance of hope, for that which remains to be possessed? "For if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."

"Calmly for his coming stay;
Leave it, leave it all to him."

On looking over your letter again, one sentence strikes me—"I cannot feel the least reconciled to my loss." If this only means your grief for your bereavement is deep and permanent, there is nothing wrong in it. If it means that you are discontented with God's appointment, there is something there. If I were you I would take immediately to the throne of grace, as it may prove a barrier between your soul and the light you seek. But this is only a guess of mine. Your expression is only a natural one under your lonely and trying circumstances.

Accept our kind love, dear Ellen, and take comfort. Sometimes you "seem very near;" sometimes you "begin to think" you "never shall" obtain. Keep to the former opinion, and send the latter back before you even "begin to think" it, to him who suggests it.

Ever your affectionate E. R.

Misery loves company, and so does happiness; and the zeal of Christians is to be accounted for on the same principle as the rage of infernals.

"I HOLD STILL."

[FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS STURM.]

PAIN'S furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in his hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And at his heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it;
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in his mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me;
So I say, trusting, "As God will!"
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a master hand;
So I say, praying, "As God will!"
And hope in him and suffer still.

Providence Journal.

WALKING BY SIGHT.

CAN a person, after having been baptized with the Holy Ghost, and sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, lose this great blessing without deliberately casting away his confidence? This is a question of very grave and serious import at the present day. Although a Methodist, I beg to differ somewhat from others in the solution of this question. It is between three and four years since I consecrated all to Christ, and received an overwhelming evidence of my acceptance; and I have faith to believe that the work that was consummated then was

laid upon a foundation never to be removed; although it might be shaken, still it remains until I deliberately cast away my confidence. There have been periods, it is true, when a cloud of darkness seemed to overshadow me, during my ignorance of the way in which the Lord was leading me, but since I have learned the way of naked faith, I can see that he did not forsake me in those seasons of trial. I remember one period in particular, during the first year, that I thought for a number of weeks I had lost the blessing, while I had only lost that rapturous joy I at first experienced when conscious that I was wholly the Lord's. I heeded the advice of a Christian brother who, though good at heart, had some erroneous ideas; one of which was, that if we had the blessing and prayed for it we should lose it. I, being ignorant of the way at that time, began to think I had lost the blessing when those joyful emotions passed away, and fearing that if I had the blessing and prayed for it again I should lose it, I remained for several weeks in that uncertain state, until I broke the barrier and prayed the Lord to give me the witness of my acceptance, which he did, and I went on my way rejoicing. This is one of the ways that Satan takes to undermine the Christian's hope, by telling him that when his joy is gone his religion is gone. Now the joy that religion brings with it is not the thing itself; still our Saviour has been pleased to give us this heavenly manna to encourage us, but we are not to expect to live upon it all the time, for it is said, "Thou shalt not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." If a child, in beginning to walk, should, after walking a short distance, fall, would the parent pass it by unheeded, and say, it is of no use, it can never walk? No; but as it lifts its tiny hands the parent raises it up and wipes away its tears. So it is with our heavenly Father, — who loves us far better than any earthly parent, — when we get bewildered

through temptation, or unconsciously get a little out of the way through some neglected duty, which would have served as a guide-post, we should not say we have lost the blessing, and feel that the whole burden of guilt has returned, or that the Lord has cast us off on account of that one mistake; but, instead of casting away our confidence, let us believe that we are accepted while we have a fixed purpose to do his will. The church is slow to learn that she is to live by faith, and that the very word indicates the absence of emotion. Paul says, "Faith that is seen is not faith;" so when we walk by sight, or perform Christian duties according to the strength or intensity of our emotions, we are still babes in Christ, and "are become like those who have need of milk, and not of strong meat." Now our Saviour did not intend that we should remain in the infancy of Christian experience, but after we have acquired a certain degree of spiritual strength, he graciously withdraws his sensible presence and gives us strong meat — his immutable word and promises. Abraham was a living example of the power of naked faith. He believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness. "He was called to go out into a land that he knew not, and he went out, not knowing whither he went." Was not his life an example of naked faith? — and what glorious results were produced by it. Yet some seem to doubt whether there is such a thing as walking by faith without the sensible presence of Jesus. The fact is, we never honor God so much as when we allow him to wean us from those transitory joys we at first experienced, and are willing to take him at his word, desiring only to know his will and to do the same.

Let none who have been brought into the liberty of the gospel, and have experienced the cleansing power of the blood of Christ, be discouraged, and think they have lost the blessing, because they are enshrouded in darkness and all emotions

have vanished; they are still safe if the sacrifice remains on the altar. If their purpose is fixed to do his will, they may be sure he is leading them, though he has, for some wise purpose, hid his face from them for a season. He will reveal himself to them in his own good time and way, for he has declared, "I will make darkness light before thee, and crooked things straight; these things will I do, and not forsake thee."

Dec. 22, 1861.

EXPERIENCE.

WHEN I was received into full membership by O. P. Brown (who has gone to his reward), he asked me if I believed in perfect love. He then said, "Will you, by the grace of God, seek to be a holy Christian?" To which I assented also, not having looked at the subject as a separate work from justification. I now began to read everything I could get on the subject—"Wesley on Perfection," "The Way to Holiness," by Mrs. Palmer; and with some degree of earnestness began to seek to be made "pure in heart." After reading a controversy on the subject in the *Advocate*, I no longer struggled for the blessing, but thought I might sometime, before I died, enjoy it. Seven years thus passed without having the matter settled. While attending camp-meeting, through the testimony of living witnesses for God, the Spirit sealed conviction to my heart that I was living far beneath my privilege, thus *grieving my dear Redeemer*. I was introduced to one who had given in her testimony as having enjoyed the blessing of perfect love for eleven years. I asked her if the work was gradual or instantaneous, which she answered to my satisfaction. Also she introduced me to a minister who was all alive on the subject. He, too, pointed me to the blood of Jesus Christ, which

"cleanseth from all sin." I took my Bible, went alone in the woods, knelt, read, and prayed, making a consecration of my all as I thought on the altar, but did not receive an answer of its acceptance.

I began to search if everything was given up. I thought of a breastpin of which others had spoken to me, and resolved it should no longer be an offence to others if it had no place in my affections. Again I turned to the Bible and read, "Bring all the tithes into the storehouse, . . . and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that *there shall not be room enough to receive it.*" While praying, all feeling left me. No sorrow, no joy, but a dead calm prevailed. I returned to the encampment to have the benefit of some spiritual advisers, for, O, I feared a calm more than a storm. I met a minister, to whom I told my feelings. He encouraged me; said he was glad to see me take the stand I had, but frankly confessed he did not profess the blessing himself. Another I asked what I must do. He replied, "Lay your all upon the altar, and *keep it there.*" The public services commenced. After preaching, sinners came forward for prayers. I became enlisted in their behalf, and while I was laboring with them, God blessed me, which broke the spell. When I got time for personal reflection, my soul longed to be made "pure in heart." I was resolved not to rest satisfied till filled with the fulness of humble love. I returned home humbled, deeply feeling my want of conformity to the will of God. I continued to pray, "Lord, sanctify me through the truth." At prayer meeting I plainly stated my position. Shortly after, I attended the district meeting. A portion of it was set apart especially to implore the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit for the church. The ministers gave their experience. One said it was

twenty years since he first obtained the blessing of "perfect love." Another gave his experience, and said it might have been well to have those seeking the blessing take some seat apart, that they might be known and especially remembered in the prayers. The proposition made my heart beat quick. The meeting was too far advanced to take that course. Before closing, the elder desired all that were resolved to seek to be entirely sanctified until they obtained the blessing, to arise; then repeated the caution, that we might think before acting. It was just as much of a cross for me to take that stand as when I went forward while seeking religion, but I resolved in my heart I would arise, and acted accordingly. In the closing prayer the blessing seemed to be just within my grasp, yet my faith faltered to lay hold of it.

For weeks the burthen of my soul at times seemed almost insupportable, because I was not wholly saved from sin. I asked the Lord to show me the reason why I did not receive. I then laid my will on God's altar, and continued to seek for light. I conversed with those who enjoyed the blessing. I read Peck's work, re-read Wesley's and Mrs. Palmer's on the subject; could scarcely open the Bible but my eyes met something just to the point. "Be ye holy, for I am holy." "Bring forth fruit unto holiness." "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." "For it is the will of God, even your sanctification." Instead of just being a few passages in the Bible, as I had supposed, on the point, I found the Bible full of holiness. Our ministers, too, preached on the subject, and urged its claims upon us "to press forward for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus." But, O, the powers of darkness seemed arrayed against me. Satan suggested, "Why seek to be wholly sanctified now? You have been happy in a justified state, and if you obtain the blessing your crosses will be greater, and

your brethren will expect more of you, and sinners will watch you more closely. Having enjoyed much, *why seek for it now?*" I returned home, took my Bible, went alone, asked directions, then opening my Bible, my eyes fell on these words: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Go unto the people and sanctify them to-day and to-morrow, and be ready against the third day." Never before did I see such meaning in those words. I felt assured that on the third day I should obtain the blessing, and yet I thought it presumption for me to wait till the third day, so every day I prayed for it. The morning of the third day, as usual, at 9 o'clock I went to my room to read and pray. I read Romans xii. 1, 2, and then made the sacrifice, — promised to serve God with all my redeemed powers forever. At that moment he gave me faith to claim the promise, "The altar sanctifieth the gift," and more. He gave me the witness, "*'Tis done, the mighty work is accomplished. I am my Lord's, and he is mine.*" How sweet the words of the Psalmist, "I will praise the Lord, for he is good, and his mercy endureth forever." O, such a heaven of sweetness, fulness, as I then enjoyed, although all was calm! It is not to be expressed by words. I thank God I felt it. After thanking and praising God for what he had done for me, I was led to pray for others who I knew were seeking the fulness of Christ revealed in them.

I now could answer the question asked me some weeks previous, "Do you believe he does *now* sanctify you?" Yes, I know he does. Such was my enjoyment of uninterrupted communion, a constant feast to my soul, that as I mingled with others and about home duties, they did not interfere with my beholding his smiles every moment. My soul's request was every moment, Lord, may I feel the merits of thy death. I loved to be much alone with God; indeed, it seemed almost as though I had just learned how to pray.

Five years the 17th of December since I was thus anointed for my Master's work. One writer in the *Guide* says there are degrees in sanctification; compares it with a "river, sometimes overflowing, the banks sometimes full, and sometimes not full, yet not a rivulet dry part of the year." My own experience has been somewhat so; but whether my enjoyments were more or less, there was, and is, an unshaken faith in God, — settled, constant peace abiding in Christ, which casteth out all fear. My desire is to have Christ ever to rule in my heart without a rival, that in all my ways I may be kept pure and unspotted from the world. I now bless God that perfect love is a doctrine of the Bible, not only to be subscribed to, but enjoyed in the heart. *Ministers of Jesus, preach it, — press it home to every professor.* Urge the present necessity of its enjoyment. I could not have passed through the trials which have crossed my pathway without it. And I fear I have not at all times talked as much about it as I should have done, and thus brought barrenness on my soul, — "feeling a painful want of the fulness."

You now have my testimony. I have for some time shrunk from the cross of giving my name to the testimony, but grace has triumphed.

BELL STERRETT.

Mount Pleasant, Dec. 31, 1861.

Having by experience proved that God is able to keep the weakest soul that trusts in him, however sorely he may be tried, I have thought my experience might be blessed to some *other* soul, who, like me, might be called to suffer or bear hardness as a good soldier.

It is some four years since I was led by the Spirit to see the error of my ways, and being truly converted I received grace to begin a new life, even the life of faith. But in so doing, I was called to renounce

all my cherished *idols*, even to the last and least, and to verify in my every-day life experience that saying, "A man's *foes* shall be those of his own *household*." At the very beginning of my Christian life, I looked forth upon the wreck of all my *earthly* hopes. The beautiful flowers of affection which I had so long and so tenderly cherished, were all blasted, and I saw nothing in all the future years that could give me joy. The cross covered all my pathway. But I heard my Saviour say, "*Follow me*," and I bless God that I did then receive grace to take up the cross and follow him, even without the camp, bearing his reproach. Having no *earthly* source of comfort, no *earthly* arm on which to lean, I soon learned to carry all my griefs *to*, and receive all strength and consolation *from*, my Saviour. No wonder, then, that I very soon learned to love him with *all* my heart, and at all times proved the truth of his gracious promise, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee." But it was not until God had emptied my heart of *earth* and filled it with *himself* that I ceased to think it some strange thing concerning the fiery trial through which I was called to pass. Now, through grace I can say, "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance;" and *with* that portion my soul is satisfied. He hath taken my hungering, thirsting soul, and broken to it the bread of life; unclasped the tendrils of my heart from the vain, fleeting things of earth, that they might climb *higher*, and take hold upon things *eternal*. Now, with the Psalmist I can say, "Whom have I in heaven but *thee*, and there is none upon the earth I desire beside thee!" The peace of God, which "passeth understanding," hath settled down upon my soul. I have learned to gladly wear the crown of suffering, since 'tis my Saviour's hands that fit it to my brow, well knowing those same blessed hands will one day remove it, and place there the crown of joy. I am wont now, when weary of earth, to

thread the streets of the Golden City, to bathe my soul in those seas of heavenly rest to which I shall soon, very soon, forever remove. O, I love to mingle by faith with the redeemed who are now before the Throne, and with them to give glory to Him who hath redeemed us from our sins, and washed us white in his own blood, to whom be glory *forever*.

Milan, Ohio, Jan. 21, 1862.

LETTER TO ISAAC ON CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.

FROM HIS MOTHER.

* * * I ASSERT nothing new when I say Christ has ever been the alpha and omega, the sun and centre of the Christian church. Christian progress is only an expansion into Christ. May we not hope that the time is drawing near when Christ will be known more fully by an interior perception and experimental knowledge of his state and experiences? when Christ will become to us an indwelling presence, life, and power? an inborn nature, pervading our whole being? Whatever may have been the experience of the church, as a body, in its past history, we cannot doubt that her ultimate progress will be made in this direction — *into the internal state and experiences of Christ*, and, as a result, doing the works of Christ. As the Son of God was begotten in the flesh, so must the infant Jesus, or Christ-nature, be begotten and developed in us, spiritually.

The one great error of the church, as it seems to me, which stands in the way of her interior progress, consists in overlooking or underrating the power which Christ has given her to overcome sin and Satan. In other words, there is a lack of faith in her Lord — a lack of faith in his word and promise, which promise is true as himself, to accomplish in the soul his will in this respect, viz., to *new-create*

the soul perfectly in his *own image*. The church has regarded her subjective or interior redemption in Christ too much in prospective, and afar off, as if Christ did not design to purify her members while here on the earth.

This state of things in the church arises, in part, from a natural tendency in man to reason and speculate about truth, rather than yield the heart, the soul's centre, promptly and fully to the influence of the truth. When a man reasons from himself, or from his own limited view, in opposition to God's plainly-revealed truth, he becomes entangled in error and sins. He withdraws his soul from God, and sets up for himself; and no wonder he makes no progress in holiness. Now the Christian, in opposition to this pride of reasoning, should always remember that one word or command of this law is equally true and binding on him as another. He who commands repentance commands also holiness. Each word of the Lord should be received in faith. *Have faith in God, in his word, in his promises* — here lies the secret of holiness.

Surely, there is nothing in the material structure or substance of which man's body is composed to hinder his renewal in perfect holiness. The organs through which the eye sees and the ear hears, are but the instruments the soul uses in the natural world. It is soul, spirit, understanding which God addresses, and which obeys or disobeys, and which is innocent or guilty before God. It is when evil finds a response in the heart, a lodgement in the affections, that it brings condemnation, and not when it merely floats on the surface of the soul. Let the soul, therefore, the heart, and will, be steadfast towards the Lord in the exercise of full faith in him, and no evil will be able to harm us. It is thus, by faith in the Lord and obedience, the Christian progresses in the way of holiness, and ultimately becomes a fully purified and mature Christian, bearing the likeness of Christ.

One of the steps leading to the purification of the soul is suffering. The crucifixion of our earth-born nature involves suffering. As Christ was crucified and put to death, so must the man of sin, in us, be slain. Suffering, then, in its relations to Christian progress, is not evil, but good; and we must learn to welcome it, and bless God for it. When I first read the Memoir of Madame Guyon, it was a great mystery to me how she could so welcome trials, persecutions, and bodily afflictions. This mystery is now, in a measure, solved. There is a faith in God which can sustain the soul in the darkest passage of life. When one has consecrated himself, truly and unreservedly, to his Father, God, he should have faith in God as leading him only in the right way, however hard this way may seem to his sinful inclinations. It will be hard, because opposed to his natural, selfish life.

So much has been written and published, recently, on the entire crucifixion of our selfish nature, in order to enjoy the life of God in the soul, I will not delay upon it, however important and fundamental. And here I will say, you will expect from me, in this letter, only a few hints on the great subject of Christian progress. I wish merely to suggest, for your consideration, some of those thoughts which, though once startling, have now become familiar to my mind. On one point I know we shall agree, viz., that Christ is the only way of progress; and it is only by contemplating him in faith, and love, and obedience that we may hope to be changed into his image.

Doing the works of Christ. When one has become perfected through suffering, or in any other way which God may see best, he is then prepared to do the works of Christ. Be not startled at this expression, since Christ himself has said, "The works that I do, shall ye do also, and even greater." And many other expressions of our Lord seem to identify his

disciples with himself. As he says of himself, "I can do nothing without my Father," so he says to his disciples, "Without me ye can do nothing." No one will deny that Christ gave his disciples "power over all the enemy," "power to cast out devils, power to heal the sick." Nor can we find any limitation of this power to the primitive disciples. On the contrary, we are rather taught to expect an increase of the power and glory of the church in the fulfilment of the promises made to the church.

The Christ-man, having overcome sin and Satan in himself, goes forth, as Christ did, to meet the enemy in the case of those over whom Satan still exerts great power, conquering for them, or helping them to conquer by his superior strength, derived from personal or real contact with his Lord. Thus we partake of the sufferings of Christ, by entering into sympathy, and bearing the states and burdens of individual souls. We engage in a battle, and realize the clashing elements of opposing spheres. Is not this the reason why we suffer when we labor for the conversion of souls and the sanctification of God's people, because we come so closely in contact with the enemies of God? But how great is the reward when souls are converted through our instrumentality! Surely it is a privilege to suffer with Christ for the good of souls. And if Christ did not accomplish at once all the "Word incarnated" seemed destined to accomplish, according to our limited view, yet at the close of his mission he said, "It is finished" — all is accomplished; this life and death of mine have an extension in my members until the work of redemption is fully accomplished on earth.

The spirit of sacrifice, of bearing the burdens and the states of others less advanced than ourselves, has a great practical bearing during the whole lifetime of the Christian; and the farther the soul advances into the likeness of Christ, the

greater is his power of usefulness in aiding souls to overcome sin and Satan.

In order to understand more clearly how we may do some of the works of Christ, such especially as he gave his disciples power to do, let us glance at the method of Christ's proceeding in some individual cases of healing the sick or casting out devils.

Our first conceptions of Christ are wholly external, viewing him afar off. In our farther progress, Christ draws nearer, and we have some experimental knowledge, at times, of his presence with us. Finally, he becomes internal and abiding, incorporated into our very being. We "eat his flesh and drink his blood;" that is, his very life flows through our life. And as far as we represent him, or he represents himself through us, we are in the world, as he was, to accomplish a part of his divine mission. It is thus Christ multiplies himself on earth, begetting children in his own likeness.

Christ, then, in his personal presence, by means of his incarnation in a finite form, and limited as he exists in the person of his followers, as to powers of perception and judgment, and subject to various infirmities of body and mind, is still operating, and operating not only truly, but powerfully, on the earth.

How glorious will be the reign of Christ on earth when the disciple shall be every where, as his Lord, an embodiment of truth and love — a conqueror over self, and over all the power of the enemy!

Healing of spiritual diseases. The cases of bodily malady healed by Christ, cases which seem to involve principles of universal application, were the result of a desire on the part of the diseased person, or of the friends who made his case their own, and acted for him by a direct presentation of the infirm one to Christ. This desire to be healed, on the part of the poor sufferer, was correlative with the power of healing and the willingness to

heal on the part of Christ. Here is brought to view the great principle of man's freedom or power of choice. Those only were healed who "came to Christ," or, in other words, who were truly willing and desirous to be the subjects of his healing power. And thus it is now. The same disposition, the desire and the purpose, are now to be exercised in the case of those who wish to be healed of their spiritual maladies. When a disciple of Christ, one united to him in essence or life, discovers in an individual this desire to come to Christ, such is his sympathy with Christ and with his word, which declares that "whosoever *will* may partake of the waters of life *freely*," that he is able to speak, in faith and power, the word the soul heeds. In an important sense, such a one may be said to stand in Christ's place. It is true, he has no power in and of himself, and operates effectively only in union with his Lord. We cannot force our gifts; we cannot exceed the boundary-line of man's freedom; we cannot impart without a preparation for a divine blessing on the part of those who receive. It is said of Christ, in a certain place, "He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief."

Healing of outward diseases. If the full-born Christian may become a healer of spiritual maladies, may he not also, following the example of his Lord, do something towards healing physical or bodily sicknesses? As far as diseases are the result of "*evil possessions*," — and it is manifest there were many such cases in the days of Christ, and probably the state of things in this respect is not yet changed, as Satan is not yet "*bound*," — I suppose a holy, Christ-like soul may accomplish much. It is simply the exercise of a greater power over a lesser power; or, in Scripture language, casting out evil spirits by the Spirit of God. A holy man does not live of himself, and therefore can no more be separate from God than the

rays of the sun from the sun itself. And is it unreasonable to suppose that such a one may receive power from God, as did the early disciples, to heal the sick, not only spiritually, but physically? Christ did much in this way, more, apparently, than by his public teaching.

Inward spiritual judgment. A holy judgment has much to do with the exercise of those gifts and powers which God bestows upon the Christ-like man. It is said of Christ, "He increased in wisdom." The Christ-nature within us, being born a child, and in the stable of our poor, weak, fallen nature, is to "*grow up into Christ in all things.*" We are to receive the spirit of wisdom, of judgment, and of a sound mind — the spirit of discernment, in order that we may adapt our words and ways to the wants of individual souls — to their state. The soul that is restored to its true position in God acts in the exercise of its own personality, in the use of its own judgment and reason, and from its own central thought and conviction; but, at the same time, in the light of God's *presence*, and by means of a divine inspiration. God and the holy soul are one; and when the soul acts effectually, God acts through it.

Silent influences. It is difficult to limit the power of a truly holy soul, because such a soul has a divine power; but we are not to suppose that the exercises of its power are always outward, visible, and demonstrative. Aside from the specific acts and words of Christ, or of the Christ-like man, operating in individual cases, and open to outward observation, there is a divine, *silent* influence going forth from a holy man or woman, which often produces blessed results. The presence of such a one, although not a word be spoken, is not lost on an assembly. As an impure person corrupts the atmosphere of a room, so a holy soul exhales a renovating breath. Wonderful is the machinery of our spiritual structure! Wonderful is the divine operation of God in

man! God is in the breath and atmosphere of the holy soul. He breathes upon man, reaching and moving the life-current of the soul. Divine thoughts, flowing through a holy soul, animate other souls, who are receptive. How important is the position of the holy, Christ-like man! Truly, such a one is "the light of the world — the salt of the earth." P. L. U.

GOD HATH MORE THRONES THAN ONE.

HE hath a throne in heaven, and a throne on earth. "The Lord's throne is in heaven," and "they shall call Jerusalem the throne of the Lord." He ruleth over the angels; he ruleth in his church. He sitteth in Jacob, and ruleth to the ends of the earth; yea, he has a throne and seat of majesty among the princes and great ones of the world. He ruleth or judgeth among the gods. There is a throne for him as a Father, and a throne for Christ, as a giver of reward to all faithful and overcoming Christians. "To him that overcometh, I will grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

There is also to be a throne of judgment, on which God, by Christ, at the great and notable day, shall sit, to give to the whole world their last or final sentence; from which (no, not by any means) they shall never be released. This throne is made mention of in the New Testament, and is called by Christ the throne of his glory, and a great white throne. And his presence, when he sits upon this throne, will be so terrible, that nothing shall be able to abide it that is not reconciled to God by him before.

Wherefore, it is not amiss that I give you this hint, because it may tend to inform unwary Christians, when they go to God, that they address not themselves

to him at rovers, or at random, but that, when they come to him for benefits, they direct their prayers to the *throne of grace*, or to God, as considered on a throne of grace. For he is not to be found a God merciful and gracious, but as he is on the throne of grace. This is his holy place, out of which he is terrible to the sons of men, and cannot be gracious unto them. For, as when he shall sit at the last day upon his throne of judgment, he will neither be moved with the tears or misery of the world to do anything for them that in the least will have a tendency to a relaxation of the least part of their sorrow; so now, let men take him where they will, or consider him as they list, he gives no grace, no special grace, but as considered on the throne of grace. "Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—*John Bunyan*.

ALL KNOWN TO THEE.

"When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path."

MY God, whose gracious pity I may claim,
Calling thee "Father," sweet, endearing name,
The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
All, all are known to thee.

From human eyes 'tis better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel;
But O! this thought does tranquillize and heal:
All, all is known to thee.

Each secret conflict with indwelling sin;
Each sickening fear "I ne'er the prize shall win;"
Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din,
All, all are known to thee.

When in the morning unrefreshed I wake,
Or in the night but little rest I take,
This brief appeal submissively I make,—
All, all is known to thee.

My all by thee is ordered, chosen, planned;
Each drop that fills my daily cup, thy hand
Prescribes for ills none else may understand;
All, all is known to thee.

The effectual means to cure what I deplore,
In me thy longed-for likeness to restore,
Self to dethrone, never to govern more,
All, all is known to thee.

And this continued feebleness — this state
That seems to unnerve and incapacitate —
Will work the cure my hopes and prayers await;
That cure I leave to thee.

Nor will the bitter draught distasteful prove,
While I recall the Son of thy dear love;
The cup thou would'st not for our sakes remove,
That cup he drank for me.

He drank it to the dregs,—no drop remained
Of wrath, for those whose cup of woe he drained;
Man ne'er can know what that sad cup contained,—
All, all is known to thee.

And welcome, precious, can his Spirit make
My bitter cup of suffering for his sake;
Father! the cup I drink, the path I take,—
All, all are known to thee.

LAYING OUR BURDENS UPON GOD.

YOU must take care to put your burdens upon God not so much upon a consideration of your own worth, as of his nature and disposition. Our want is to go to God when we feel well — when the sense of condemnation is removed from us; in other words, when there is a feeling that we are more beautiful before God than at other times. We feel that we are to be governed in going and putting our cares upon God by some sense more or less perfect that we are relatively good; but if we make the ground of our going to God the boundlessness of his nature, no possible change can occur in our condition in which it will not be proper for us to carry them to him.

You see the difference between equitable commerce and generosity. When I have money deposited in the bank, portions of which I am constantly checking out, I keep a run both of how much I have deposited, and of how much I have checked out, so that I may know how much remains against which I may draw

my check; and the moment I come to the end of my deposit, I say, "I must not overdraw."

That is just the way that many people do in reference to carrying their troubles to God. They go to him with cares, and check out relief therefrom according to the way they have lived during the last week or the last month. If they have attended a revival, and sung a great deal, and prayed a great deal, and enjoyed religion a great deal, then they say, "I have a great deposit, and I will draw all I want." But if they have been for a long time absorbed in business or social pleasures, and have yielded to temptation and sin, then, when they need the most help from God, they say, "I do not think I deserve much; I cannot go to God; I have no deposit to draw from."

But instead of thinking of God's grace as you do of a bank from which you draw just as much as you deposit, and no more, you should think of it as you do of the air or of the ocean. We never have the least conception of the relation of the air to our meritoriousness. You cannot exhaust the atmosphere. You may use as much of it as you need; all the living creatures on the globe may draw from it their supply, and yet it will be undiminished. You cannot pump the ocean dry. No man fears that he will take out too much, or that if he takes what he chooses others will be cheated out of their portion. It rolls forever and forever, sublime in its solitary abundance, without diminution and undiminishable. We do not go to God because we have an account against him, and say, "Please settle this little balance;" or, "Will you give me that which is my due?" God is infinite and eternal, and says to us, "Because I have such an abundant supply, and because it is more blessed for me to give than for you to receive, come whenever you will, and take freely. Cast your troubles on me, and I will lift them up, and carry them, and you with them." We are not

to measure our right of going to God by any sense of our character or desert, but we are to have such a conception of his wondrous bounty and generosity, that we shall go to him on his account, and not on our own.

We must have an understanding of the fact that our coming to God brings pleasure to him. We have been educated so long to think of our relation to God as that of a criminal to a court, a judge, or an executive officer, that it is difficult for us to think of our relation to him as that of friend to friend, or benefactor to benefactor. You do not take anything away from God when you come to him for help. When you receive anything from him, you do not leave him with less, as when you go to a man's store and take away a part of his goods, you leave him with just so much less as you take away. I take nothing away from one candle when I light another candle by it. The sun has never lost anything. It is eternally giving, and giving, and giving, but it never loses anything. It is the nature of benefaction to give endlessly without growing less. When a person comes to you for sympathy, and you give it, you have no less sympathy for others. Because you shed tears for one, you have no less tears to shed for another. The love that you give leaves you with more love to give. Giving enriches the giver more than the recipient. And when we go to God for help, we do not take anything from his supply, so that he has less for others. Nay, it does not weary God to have us come often. It wearies men to come often; but that is the difference between them and him. He is unwearied by your coming. You cannot tire him. Indeed, such is the Divine nature, that every want that comes to God pulsates pleasure. It is in our power to make God glad. When we draw near to him in confidence and love with our want, he is better pleased than we are. Do you go into your closet, and does your burden fall, and do you rise and

go out with a sense that you are happy? You are not half so happy as He that took the burden from you. Are you pierced with great grief, and is there a balm that takes away the pain? Your joy in being relieved is not half so great as the joy of God in giving you relief. It is more blessed to administer comfort than to receive comfort.

We must see to it that we do not bring generic and speculative cares to God, and leave behind our practical cares. This is a habit that is very common. Men bring the heathen, and leave them with God; they bring his moral government, and leave that with him; they bring his glory, and leave that with him; but the things that are all the time working for their own happiness or misery, are things that they do not think it worth while to lay before him. A man prays for the kingdom of God, for the heathen, and for the preaching of the gospel, and tries to cast them upon God; but his dyspeptic stomach, his shattered nerves, his quick tongue, his fiery eye, his ungovernable temper—these he forgets to mention. You pray for the advance of God's kingdom, but that rent which worried you all last week, which you did not know where to get, and which you do not know where to get now, you forget to say anything about. You pray to God about his glory, but a man has taken advantage of you and is a constant annoyance to you, so that you cannot rest day or night, and you do not make that a subject of prayer. And so you bring before God things that he does not thank you for bringing, things that he can take care of without your advice, while those little spears that are forever sticking into you; those whips that are perpetually lashing you; those briars that never cease to scratch you; those things that take away your peace; the way your husband treats you; the way your children behave; the way you yourself behave; your position in society; the conduct of your pride; the difference be-

tween your dress and that of your neighbors who plume themselves over you; whatever springs up to disturb you in your professions, in your business affairs, in your families, in all your connections of body and soul,—how seldom do you bring these before God, and say, "This is the thorn that pesters me." You can bring great things to God if you are moved to do it; but you should not fail to bring your practical cares and difficulties to him.

We must see to it that when we lay our cares down before God, we do not steal them again. Suppose a man, on going to a bank to make a deposit, should lay down the money, and then, when he had got credit for it, grab it and carry it off again—what would he think of himself? But we go to God with our cares, and lay them down as a deposit, and then catch them up again and go off with them.

I think men do with their cares as soldiers do with their accoutrements when they go to dinner. They stack them up, and leave them till they have finished their meal, and then each fellow goes back and takes up his knapsack, and puts it on, and takes up his old musket, and shoulders that, and walks off as much burdened as before. We go into our closets and pray about our children till we think we have laid them down before God, and then we turn and take them up again and walk off with them. We pray in our closets about this and that trouble, and go out feeling that we have laid them down before God; but in less than five minutes back to us they come again.

CHARITY. — "The false judgments of our character and conduct that are sometimes formed even by good men, often endear to me the idea of that world where, at least, justice shall be done us, and where, I trust, many shall embrace each other with mutual love, who are here scowling at each other, as Dr. Chalmers would say, with zealous defiance."—*Wilberforce*.

A PEAL OF BELLS.

"In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord." — Zech. xiv. 20.

THE simple meaning of the text is just this,—that the day shall come when, in common life, holiness shall be the guiding star—when the ordinary actions of human existence shall be as much the worship of God as the sacrifice of the altar, or the mission of the high priest when he went within the vail. Everything; that which was most despised—the horses; the places which seemed the least likely to be consecrated—the stables, and those things which seemed the least holy, even the horses' harness—all shall be so thoroughly used in obedience to God's will, that everywhere there shall be written, "Holiness unto Jehovah." Common things, then, in the day spoken of by Zechariah, are to be dedicated to God, and used in his service.

I shall work out this great thought in a somewhat novel manner. First, let us hear the horses' bells; secondly, let us commend their music; and then, thirdly, let us go home and tune our bells, that they may be in harmony with this sacred chime, "Holiness unto the Lord!"

HOLINESS IN BUSINESS.

But horses of old were also used for merchandise, and when the pack-horses went in long strings, the fore-horses always had bells, that the others might be guided in the darkness. I think there is an allusion to that in the text, for such may have been the custom of Eastern caravans, as indeed it was; and the text means, then, that merchandise and our common trade should be Holiness unto the Lord. Sometimes, when some of you have been stirred up by a sermon, you have come to me and said, "Mr. Spurgeon, could I go to China? Could I become a missionary? Could I become a minister?" In very many cases

the brethren who offer are exceedingly unfit for any service of the kind, for they have very little gift of expression, very little natural genius, and no adaptation for such a work, and I have constantly and frequently to say, "My dear brother, be consecrated to Christ in your daily calling; do not seek to take a spiritual office, but spiritualize your common office." Why, the cobbler can consecrate his lapstone, while many a minister has desecrated his pulpit. The ploughman can put his hand to the plough in as holy a manner as ever did a minister to the sacramental bread. In dealing with your ribbons and your groceries, in handling your bricks and your jack-planes, you can be as truly priests to God as were those who slew the bullocks and burned them with the holy fire in days of yore. This old fact needs to be brought out again. We do not so much want great preachers as good upright traders; it is not so much deacons and elders we long for, as it is to have men who are deacons for Christ in common life, and are really elders of the church in their ordinary conversation. Sirs, Christ did not come into the world to take all fishermen from their nets, though he did take some; nor to call all publicans from the receipt of custom, though he did call one; he did not come to make every Martha into a Mary, though he did bless a Martha and a Mary too. He would have you be housewives still; be sisters of mercy in your own habitations. He would have you be traders, buyers and sellers, workers and toilers still; for the end of Christianity is not to make preachers, but to make holy men. The preacher is but the tool; he may be sometimes but the scaffold of the house; but ye are God's husbandry; ye are God's building; ye, in your common acts and common deeds, are they who are to serve God. See to it, then, Christian friends, in your common daily doings, that the bells upon the horses are Holiness unto the Lord.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS IN WAR.

THIS young friend sought and found the perfect love of God at the late Sing Sing camp-meeting, and thus writes to us from Fortress Monroe:—

December 18, 1861.

If I could just step into No. 54 Kingston street this pleasant morning how I would rejoice. I know what would follow,—a season of prayer and praise; just what I need. You must not think I live without prayer; I could not do that; but the opportunity for secret prayer is so limited. This morning the reveille beat earlier than usual, and I started out for a pleasant walk by moonlight. I soon found a place where there was no possibility of being molested at that hour; and I had a sweet interview with my best Friend. Now my soul can sing—

“Father, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither should I go?”

I need not tell you that I enjoyed my moonlight walk, and mean to have many more.

Last Sabbath evening I concluded to try and attend the meeting of the contrabands, in their quarters. There is some difficulty in getting outside of the fortress after retreat at sundown; but I managed to get out, and proceeded to the negro quarters. On entering the room in which their meetings are held, I found it well filled with black faces, who seemed somewhat astounded at seeing a uniform among them.

On one side of the room I found a row of men who were busy with spelling-books. One fixed his eyes on me, and said, “Will you hear my lesson?” I found him just able to spell in two letters; and while hearing him, others crowded round to be taught, and I had enough to do. While thus engaged, a tall fellow an-

nounced that the minister had come; immediately the books were put away, and all was quiet. The room filled up till it was crowded to its fullest extent. Brother L—— then opened the meeting, which was devoted to prayer and speaking. The prayers of the negroes were very simple, and full of feeling; the intelligence of many of them surprised me. One of them, in his prayer, used these words: “Didn’t you say, Master, when you was in Galilee, that you would be where your children were; and haven’t we all come here, blest Master, to have our sins sunk so deep in the sea of forgiveness that they shall never rise to trouble us any more?”

Mr. Lockwood, who seems to me admirably fitted for his post, made an address which was very much to the point. He was followed by an exhorter of their own color, who talked well. When he spoke of the time when the poor wanderers would reach their Father’s house, they were all joy and gladness. I noticed the women were engaged in a low, mournful sort of chant, which at first was hardly audible, but grew louder into a triumphant strain.

I found I was in a living meeting, where there was power.

The missionary, noticing that I joined in the singing heartily, asked me if I was a Christian, and being answered in the affirmative, asked me to speak.

I have seldom felt such liberty as I had on that occasion. Overhead the black faces were peering down upon me from the attic floor, which was but half extended over the room; and from the rows of bunks, on the opposite side, I saw the same eager faces.

All seemed glad to hear everything that was said. The meeting was closed early, and I went back to quarters, feeling that I had been resting under the shadow of a great rock, in this weary land. W. E. R.

TUESDAY MEETING, 54 RIVINGTON STREET. — After the opening exer-

cises, the usual order of the meeting was changed this week.

Mrs. L. said she thought it would be profitable to present requests for special prayer. This was received agreeably to the leading of all minds. One after another arose and solicited prayer, specifying the particular cases of children, husbands, fathers, &c., &c.

Several prayers were offered in great faith, embracing all the various cases. Only a few spoke of personal experience, and all seemed delighted in having this opportunity to present petitions where so much faith concentrates, and many prayers have been answered.

At the meeting yesterday, a Congregational minister related fully his past exercises concerning the doctrine of holiness. In the early part of his search after this scriptural truth, he came to this meeting to ascertain the nature of its experience, and found the reality convincing to his own soul, and has been enabled to believe with all his heart unto righteousness. He is now almost surprised at his entire rest, and quiet, in circumstances which, in his previous state of mind, would have subjected him to much agitation and anxiety. He now knows that Christ bears all his burdens.

Christ a cure for sorrow and a bearer of burdens. To-day the meeting has been one of uncommon interest in experience—hidden things brought out for common benefit. One of the aged pilgrims said the past six months of his life had been the most joyous of any of his past time. The Scriptures had glowed as he read them; and this meeting had been a rich blessing to his soul now, after an absence of years, he is again able to attend. He had been greatly refreshed while visiting a dear child of God, who has been confined to her bed nearly five years, full of patience, resignation, and holy love to all God's dear children.

Mrs. L. then rose and said: "I knew that sister when she was not so happy.

She came into my house one day in 1849, and O, what a troubled, what a sad countenance: enfeebled nerves, through a spinal disease, sick husband, sick children, &c., &c., were burdens too heavy for her to bear. After a little conversation, which is well remembered, I said to her, 'Mrs. C., you are bearing a burden which is crushing you; you are sinning against God; you are *commanded* to cast your burden on the Lord. You are not doing it, or you would be sustained; sin no more, but just now cast all your cares on him who careth for you.' With bitter tears she continued to say, 'How can I? How can I cast off this nervous body? How can I cast off this feeble husband, these sick children—how can I?' I continued to urge the immediate necessity—the sin of delay, repeating to her the lines of our beloved and almost divinely-inspired poet, C. Wesley:—

'But is it possible that I
Should live, and sin no more?
Lord, if on Thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.'

She said, 'When I go home I'll try.' 'No,' I replied, 'do not leave my room sinning—*do it here.*' We knelt; with many tears she asked the Holy Spirit's aid, and made the consecration, particularizing before the Lord all her offerings, inquiring of God, 'Is it possible that I can live and sin no more?' Soon she was enabled to say, 'Lord, on Thee I dare rely.' And O, how sweetly did she realize 'that faith did bring the power.'

"The tempest had ceased; all was quiet. When she rose from her knees, I think her first words were, 'I have no husband; I have no children; all are the Lord's; let him do with us just as he will.' Since that hour, I have not seen her troubled. Eighteen months after that, that dear husband entered his heavenly rest, but that widowed heart and lips said, 'My Father has done it; he is my Father still.'

"Years have rolled by; increased bod-

ily suffering continues, but with joyous spirit, and happy face, this 'relying' one can sing, 'All is well.'"

On Tuesday afternoon, this week, was indeed a heavenly season, in the variety and beauty of its experiences. Many strangers were present, who, with some lately blessed, spoke for the first time here, yet in timidity venting their full hearts.

A pastor of the city spoke of the peculiar manifestation of Christ to his soul, within the past fortnight, and seems to be in full earnest to preach and teach holiness to his people. He was thankful for this meeting, where ministers may relate their simple experience, and are not expected to teach.

A brother related a beautiful incident: A little ignorant Irish girl in one of the Mission Sabbath Schools found the Saviour, through the instruction of her teacher. When she was awakened, she asked him what she must do to be saved: he bid her cry, "Save, Lord." She did so, until she was answered by the Saviour coming to her heart. Filled with gratitude for the instructions which were so blessed to her, she thought, what could she do to show it? She had nothing, but took a bit of canvas and wrought on it "Save, Lord," with her needle; then, what should she do for a bit of ribbon? She took a piece of her bonnet-string, and sewed on the motto, and presented it to her teacher for a book-mark. And the gentleman held it up, that all might see. The teacher had let him have it, if he wished to use it for a while. But that is not all: two poor Irish girls were at the altar of his church the other night, and in a low, earnest tone the cry was, "Save, Lord." Here was the young convert, and one she had brought up to the altar, to find mercy.

FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

I need not tell you that I am an abolitionist by this time. So that it is done in

a suitable way, *I want to see slavery abolished.* I think a few hours' observation and conversation among these contrabands, as they are called, would remove many prejudices from the minds of the apologists for slavery. Let them go into these negro quarters and find these poor wretches crowding around, with spelling-books in hand, all eager to be taught, and so grateful for the least attention, that we cannot but rejoice at the opportunity of making hearts glad so easily. Let their story be told from their own untutored lips, of masters who would not let these unfortunates learn to read — would not even let them be the possessors of a book, lest, perhaps, they should find they were men.

Then, the story of their escape; how that by night, and in silence, they stole away from the scene of wrong, and found their way, as best they could, to the spot where they had heard the oppressed found home and friends. The prayer, "for my poor mother, wheresoever she may be," which I heard last night, told its own story.

A PRAYER.

PRECIOUS Jesus! thy dear name
Is all my plea:
Thou forever art the same;
I cling to thee.

Thou, my Strength, canst surely save
Thy weakest child:
In thy blood my soul I lave,
Thou Undefiled!

Dearest Saviour, I would plead
For richer grace:
Now supply my every need;
My pathway trace.

Guide my steps through earthly scenes,
Oft dark with woe:
On thy breast my spirit leans;
Thy will I'd know.

On this Rock my hopes I build,
Let me not fall:
Keep from sin — from evil shield, —
Jesus, my All.